

Underslept, underfed...



Chaz

 [cvillette](#)<https://cvillette.livejournal.com/>

2007-11-05 20:05:00

**MOOD:** 😞 dragging**MUSIC:** Johnny Cash - Further On (Up the Road)

...but not, apparently, under the radar. Mom keeps sneaking looks at me. She could spread it around a little; the Cowboy and SR are doing the same damned thing I am. Mom and L seem to have already worked through whatever it is the three of us are chewing over. Well, no surprise there. Either of them could probably whup the three of us in a contest of emotional maturity. And I think I've got there-but-for-the-graceitis, which wouldn't plague anybody else.

Speaking of chewing... (<https://www.livejournal.com/away?to=http%3A/www.fitday.com/webfit/publicjournals.html%3FOwner%3Dcvillette%26Year%3D2007%26Month%3D10%26Day%3D5>)

At least we're home. I want to climb a wall, but just now that's too much human contact. I'll skate tonight, instead.

ETA: Low blood sugar makes things taste funny. Sigh.



[locked] Dream Journal


All right, unconscious mind. We're coming to an accommodation. If the dreams are you cleaning house, putting

Elvis doesn't live here anymore.

Hey there. Sorry about the drama. It was... it was an emotional decision, and I didn't handle it well. So yeah, I'm

Poppets. Puppets. Poppet puppets.
Scary.

7 comments

 [trollcatz](#)[November 6 2007, 11:52:10 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Dude. You better be having a three thousand calorie breakfast today. Or somebody's going to have to take in your pants, and there's not a lot to take in to. You've been under all weekend.

Go fetch Duke and go out for an hour and scare the girls at the diner again. Something has him climbing the walls too: he just hides it better.

 [cvillette](#)[November 6 2007, 14:50:14 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)


I'd ask him what's up with him, but I'd just get some story about a stolen racehorse disguised as a firehouse dalmatian in Bogota.

Ye gods, that actually sounded as if it might be one of his. I need a vacation.

I didn't do too badly on calories until the last two days, I think. After that, yeah, fair cop. Especially since there's no telling how many calories one actually burns lifting weights like that.

I'll haul him out for barbeque. He always lights up when the "B" word is mentioned.



 [trollcatz](#)


[November 6 2007, 15:49:06 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

Ahem. 5020, 5072, 5035. And "lifting weights." But I see you had plenty this morning, so that's all good.

And I'm pretty sure I've heard the one about the dalmatian. It was an Argentinian thoroughbred....



 [cvillette](#)

[November 7 2007, 02:09:24 UTC](#)


[COLLAPSE](#)

...and those weren't spots; it had a skin condition. But the bit about it snorting fly repellent wasn't true.

Ye gods, do you think Duke has any idea we can do him? *g* (Never up to the standards of the original, tho...)

(Um, yeah, I *am* trying to dodge that bit about the calories. I was eating every spare minute. Just not a lot of spare minutes. And it's rude to talk with your mouth full.)



 [trollcatz](#)

[November 8 2007, 05:12:51 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

Peanut butter on granola bars. Something.

I bet Duke has digital recorders hidden all over the office, are you kidding?



 [cvillette](#)

[November 8 2007, 15:00:16 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

Gah! 'Scuse me while I check the underside of my stapler for bugs.

Mmmm, peanut butter on granola bars. That sounds kinda nice. And the banana-nut ones would be like a crunchy Elvis.



 [trollcatz](#)

[November 8 2007, 15:15:07 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

"Like a crunchy Elvis" just entered the lexicon.